

# HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS



Without Interracial Justice

Social Justice Will Fail

Vol. 6 No. 6

November, 1946

New York N. Y. 5 Cents

## READING FOR THE FUTURE

By Sister M. Madeleva, C.S.C.

President, Saint Mary's College, Holy Cross, Indiana

**R**EADING has been a matter of books. Reading has been a matter of readers and of time. The status quo in library life has assumed and developed around these. A year ago the future of that life might have been projected upon this pattern. But the future, as an absolute certainty, has ceased to exist. This, our one unlimited, gra-

tuitous asset, is now at best a pawn.

Reading for the future is not a question of reading. It is a question of the future. Suddenly, terribly, irrevocably this one dimension of all our possibilities has been assaulted and may be annihilated. We can no longer ask simply, "What shall we read in the future?" or "How shall we read in the future?" or "Why?" but "Shall we have a future in which to read?" "Shall we survive to read at all?"

## ARE YOU ASHAMED OF THE GOSPEL?

**T**O BE ACCEPTED among the liberals is flattering to certain temperaments. Liberals currently enjoy a certain prestige. Liberals are in a position to bestow certain favors on their friends. On the other hand, to maintain the undiluted Catholic position openly and fearlessly is often a relatively lonely task. It requires a certain moral courage. The temptation to water down the purity of Catholic doctrine a bit, at least by passing over lightly its more unacceptable portions, is a very real temptation. Some succumb to it.

This was not the habit of St. Paul. He boasted, "I am not ashamed of the gospel" and no man had a better right to boast. Because he despised all guilty compromise and always refused to hedge, he was mobbed and stoned and scourged and thrown into prison. But neither lash nor sword nor prison bars could shake his utter loyalty to the doctrine of Christ. "Am I seeking to please men?" he asked. The best answer is his heroic life and heroic martyrdom.

No one who preaches the social doctrine of Jesus Christ can hope to please men. He Himself, on trial for His life, was charged with being a social agitator. We, His followers, cannot hope for better treatment. "No disciple is above his teacher, nor is the servant above his master." Our Lord promised His faithful followers in this world no higher reward than the Cross.

We cannot hope to please men; our sole duty is to please God. To expect to placate the liberals is a mad and guilty ambition. We have no right to dare to be ashamed of the Gospel. St. Paul was not ashamed of the Gospel. The martyrs were not ashamed of the Gospel. The glorious Popes of the great social encyclicals were not ashamed of the Gospel. Are you?

Rev. Paul Hanly Furfey  
in "Integrity."

## Frederick Douglass On Social Equality

When a colored man is in the same room or in the same carriage with white people, as a servant, there is no talk of social equality, but if he is there as a man and a gentleman, he is an offense. What makes the difference? It is not color, for his color is unchanged. The whole essence of the thing is in its purpose to degrade and stamp out the liberties of the race. It is the old spirit of slavery and nothing else. To say that because a man rides in the same car with another, he is therefore socially equal, is one of the wildest absurdities.

When I was in England, some years ago, I rode upon highways, by ways, steamboats, stage-coaches and omnibuses. I was in the House of Commons, in the House of Lords, in the British Museum, in the Coliseum, in the National Gallery, everywhere; sleeping in rooms where lords and dukes had slept; sitting at tables where lords and dukes were sitting; but I never thought that those circumstances made me socially the equal to these lords and dukes. I hardly think that some of our Democratic friends would be regarded among those lords as their equals.

If riding in the same car makes one equal, I think that the little poodle dog I saw one day sitting in the lap of a lady was made equal by riding in the same car with her. Equality, social equality, is a matter between individuals. It is a reciprocal understanding. I do not think that when I ride with an educated, polished

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## FRIENDSHIP HOUSE, CANADA

Information Centre

By Catherine De Hueck

**F**OR YEARS we dreamed about it. Talked about it, knowing its vital need for the whole continuity of Friendship House, and now it was a reality. And what a reality! Used as we are to have our dreams come true, even we had to pinch ourselves to believe this one!

Yes, the training school of Friendship House, for those young men and women who desired to embrace its way of life, accept its vocation to the Lay Apostolate Friendship House style, joining its inner circle of Staff Workers, is even now in session at Madonna House, Combermere, Ontario, Canada. And the six who live and study here, two young men and four women are in "class of 1946".

Once more we realize that God is never outdone in generosity. For Madonna House is a real Shangri-La. We have described it and Combermere, the gentle Madawaska River, which flows almost by our doorstep, so many times that we cannot find new words to do them justice again. Suffice to say, that beauty, charm and privacy are their essence. An ideal place for a training school for Lay Apostles. A spot that exercises its spell on one and all who come to it.

Centre of all our life, though, is the little white country Church, dedicated to the Sacred Heart, that is so close to us. To which we go daily to participate in the Most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, enjoying the early morning walk, loving the sacrality with its roaring wood fire in an iron stove, for that is where Mass is said on cold days. Loving to go back to it again in the early twilight for a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament, not minding the cold in the body of the Church, for all are warmly clad. And as the trees are losing their leaves, we can see the little red light of the tab-

ernacle lamp from our windows, and know that the Lord is nigh.

**W**E DO NOT CALL this place THE TRAINING SCHOOL OF FH, to ourselves. To us it is FH INFORMATION CENTRE, for "training school" savors of a novitiate, and being LAY APOSTLES, we could not

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## Contemporary Schizophrenia

**A**SK ALMOST ANY non-Catholic what he thinks "supernatural" means and he will refer vaguely to crystal gazing and ghost stories. Ask him for his concept of a holy man and he will blush slightly, restate the question to refer to a "good" man and describe an ideal not essentially different from the ancient pagan ideal of a just and virtuous man. His highest admiration is reserved for Abraham Lincoln; he would be scandalized by St. Catherine of Siena or Benedict Joseph Labre. In short, outside the Catholic Church the presence of Divine Life in the world has been almost totally forgotten. A surprising number of people has never even heard of the Holy Eucharist. The words "mystery" and "mysticism" have fallen into discredit. Penance awakens a shudder, sacrifice is misdirected, miracles are disbelieved a priori and the Gospels are grossly distorted. This state of affairs has gone so far that a book like "The Human Life of Jesus" by John Erskine (which is blasphemous) can be chosen "The Religious Book of the Month."

This situation is reflected in the Church by an artificial separation by the faithful of the supernatural order and the natural order; a separation of their sacramental lives from their daily lives and work. It is the true contemporary schizophrenia.

Peter Michaels in "Integrity," new lay Catholic magazine published at 1556 York Ave., New York 28.

## ALL SOULS



**FOR THY FAITHFUL, O LORD, LIFE IS CHANGED  
NOT TAKEN AWAY.**



## HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

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 A Member of the Catholic Press Association

HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS is owned, operated and published monthly September through June and bi-monthly July-August by Friendship House at 84 West 136th Street, New York 26, N. Y. Entered as second class matter December 13, 1943, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription Price 50c Year. Single copies 5c.

## GREETINGS TO ALL THE SAINTS!

THE FEASTS of All Saints and All Souls make us think of what we mean when we say in the Creed, "... and I believe in the communion of saints..." Those who love to dwell on the great unifying force that is the Mystical Body of Christ will even more lovingly dwell on the communion of saints—the communion of all the living and all the dead—of those triumphant saints in heaven, of those suffering saints in purgatory, and of those militant saints in the making... i.e. us.

What a reality to grasp, to be molded on, to live by!

What a vision of unity for those who long and work for unity!

They say that human beings never lose interest in fairy tales... perhaps because fairy tales, with their clearly drawn lines between good and evil, with happiness attained only by fulfilling certain conditions, with the beggar's disguise that reveals itself in the end as the royal prince... are truer to life than many other forms of literature. Yet the lives of the saints are more exciting than any fairy tale... because true... because they really LIVE... (most of us only exist)... and because the Prince they follow is the second Person of the Trinity, Christ our Lord.

When we read of husband and wife, Chrysanthus and Daria, who in the 3d century were suffocated to death under a sandpile rather than deny Jesus Christ, we marvel... we wonder... and we yearn for some of their spirit today. Think of that hard-headed lawyer, Saint Thomas More who, when practically the whole of England except one bishop sided with the Protestant revolt, saw only one answer to the logic of his faith—death rather than deny Christ! Or think of that lone bishop, Saint John Fisher who followed More to the scaffold for the same reason... "in the sight of the unwise they seemed to die... but they are in peace."

But saints don't always have to go to the scaffold. Sometimes they only have to live with a crank, or swallow insults, or bear ill-health, or do good where they live and work despite ridicule, or radiate Christ and live His principles... especially with the problem at hand. If, for example, every Catholic man and woman faced up to their responsibilities in regard to social justice for the Negro, this would be bearing witness to Jesus Christ, this would be being apostolic in this day and age, this would be putting us on the road to sanctity. The Don Boscos, the Conrads and Hermans, the Blessed Martins, the Thereses and Teresas, the Francises, etc... all bit off a piece of their local problem... and spent the rest of their lives showing how Christ would have answered it. That is what some of our own beloved dead have done perhaps... and that is what we can do.

"Why did all the saints take Christ so seriously?" This is the burning question of the whole of existence... the question that they met and solved, whether they lived as laymen or religious, married or single, in high state or low—"What think ye of Christ?"

Our beloved Leon Bloy put that question to himself—and cut through the red tape of compromise in modern life with the stark, simple, clarion-clear answer: THERE IS ONLY ONE TRAGEDY... NOT TO BE A SAINT.

It is the question put to each one of us, too. We are ALL called to be saints, nothing less. After death we will have to be saints in order to enter heaven... which means that we either try to be saints right here and now... or we get cleansed in the fires of Purgatory (if we escape Hell). And please, to be saints, not with the diaphanous robe and crown and harp of the sentimental school... but with that mop, that dishpan, that typewriter, that book, that job, that family, that man or woman... RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE.

Christ must be brought into the world by each one of us again. Or who will bring Him? Let us beware

## Just Prices

Let us consider the laws of justice in financial, commercial, and industrial transactions. Do we not at once think of the thousand and one ways there are of violating justice, of the difficulties of dealing with perfect honesty in an atmosphere where competition and greed cause prices to rise beyond just limits? We shall soon see that in order to remain simply honest, extraordinary efforts and self-denial are required. Will a man be ready for such efforts if he has been accustomed to observe only the precepts that bind under pain of mortal sin? In order to shun this danger one must do at least a little more than is strictly commanded, so that the will, schooled by acts of generosity, may have the strength to resist temptations to commit acts of grave injustices.

From "The Spiritual Life"  
By Tanqueray

## The Little Black Boy

By William Blake

My mother bore me in the southern wild,  
 And I am black, but O, my soul is white!  
 White as an angel is the English child,  
 But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,  
 And, sitting down before the heat of day,  
 She took me on her lap and kissed me,  
 And, pointing to the East, began to say:

"Look at the rising sun: there God does live,  
 And gives his light, and gives His heat away,  
 And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive  
 Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

"And we are put on earth a little space,  
 That we may learn to bear the beams of love;  
 And these black bodies and this sunburnt face  
 Are but a cloud and like a shady grove.

"For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,  
 The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His voice,  
 Saying, 'Come out from the grove, my love and care,  
 And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.'"

Thus did my mother say and kissed me;  
 And thus I say to little English boy,  
 When I from black and he from white cloud free,  
 And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear  
 To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;  
 And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,  
 And be like him, and he will then love me.

lest we fulfill the tragic words of the Gospel: "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not."

We "receive" Him when we see quite simply that we ought to be saints, to grow in Christ and radiate Him in our every action. And this is being truly SOCIAL-MINDED. This is the most basic work anybody can do for the reconstruction of society. Because the Mystical Body which is the Church is a LIVING AND GROWING REALITY OF HUMAN BEINGS UNITED UNDER ITS HEAD JESUS CHRIST... and we are supposed to contribute our share of life and growth to it in our lifetime.

WHAT MORE EXPLICIT PROOF of this could we have than that Christ's Vicar on earth, Pope Pius XII, said only last February at the cardinals' consistory: "... the LAITY... ESPECIALLY THEY... must grow in the sense... not only of belonging to the Church, but OF BEING THE CHURCH?"

And what more cheerful thing to recall than that those who have gone before us, out of every tribe and tongue and people and nation... who lived their little span of years according to the beatitudes... and now possess Beatitude... are part of us, and we of them! That we too will some day... as they do now... "feast and rejoice before God: and be delighted with gladness. Alleluia!"

## STAFF REPORTER

By M.C.K.

FOR TWO BEAUTIFUL WEEKS at the beginning of September the directors of Friendship House, Ann, Monica, and myself, met the B at the new Information Center of Friendship House in Combermere, Ontario. In the afternoon we met to discuss ways of making Friendship House a better instrument of the Holy Ghost. As we sat on the sandy shore of the lovely blue Madawaska or in the boat, Eddie Doherty came along and said, "Christ and His apostles," a very wonderful thought to meditate upon during those fruitful weeks. Christ was certainly there and His apostles were poor, fumbling sinners, too, who loved Him and tried to follow Him and ended up well, all except one, God help us! In Combermere God is obvious even to the senses in His beautiful handwork of trees and clouds

and birds and wonderful Catholic people and the river changing continually. "In broad daylight Streams full of stars like skies at night."

Then the full moon shows the fog creeping up like the mystic, wonderful lake in the Morte d'Arthur. I kept wishing the people of Harlem could see it for there the only handwork of God to be seen is the people and the sky. Even the sky is smoky and its stars are dimmed by the city lights. But some day even the smaller places of our country may grant to Negroes the advantages they are driven to Harlem to obtain.

NOW I AM BACK IN HARLEM again, so glad to get back that even the boogie-woogie from the blaring loudspeaker of the radio shop next door sounds good. It is grand to meet old friends and find new ones helping us at Friendship House. One of our fine new colored volunteers is Gloria. She has such a bad heart that her brother has to carry her upstairs. About a year ago she became a Catholic and such zeal! She brought her brother and several other relatives into the Church and now she's working on the Teen-Agers. She says, "Won't Father—be pleased when I bring all of these to him for instructions!" Her unusual talent in painting is shown in a beautiful strong water color of Our Lady giving St. Dominic the Rosary, which is now in Madonna Flat, and a poster urging daily family recitation of the Rosary which is in the clubroom window. She helps Betty with the Brownies, Girl Scouts and Teen-Agers. Her brother also helps with the Teen-Agers and his zeal for souls rivals Gloria's. Two Franciscan brothers are building up a basketball team which will bring out the spiritual values as well as those directly concerned with the game. God's hand is obvious in such people.

Belle has prepared a wonderful course of lectures by outstanding Catholic Negroes showing the Negro's contributions to America. These are on Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock every week except the Saturday after Thanksgiving up through December 7 when the Baroness will wind up the course with a bang. If you're in New York any of these Saturdays come around for a really rewarding afternoon. The program will be found elsewhere in this paper.

New York's Outer Circle got off to a good start at the Sheed and Ward office at 63 Fifth Avenue on Sunday, October 13, at 7:30 p.m. Mr. Frank Sheed was his usual sparkling self and we were delighted to see him back. You will be very welcome at these affairs which are held every two weeks, or fortnight, as the Sheeds say. Bring your most controversial self and let it have some good exercise picking on the speakers, learning tricks from the Sheeds, or even speaking yourself. It's a most pleasant way of learning

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## Looking For a House?

By Betty Leonard

**A**RE YOU LOOKING for an apartment or a house? Have you made novenas, promised to have Masses said and still no results?

Are you paying outrageous rent for a hovel which could hardly be called a home? Are you a newly-married couple having to share the first wonderful years of your married life with in-laws and relatives in an already crowded house? Or are you the parents of small school children, looking for a decent home in the suburbs where they may have a healthy and sinless childhood and not be exposed to life on the city streets? Do you lie awake nights worrying about your teenage girls and boys since your town became a defense plant or service center and tripled its population in one or two years?

It's pretty tragic and our hearts go out to you. It seems that Christ's Mystical Body is actually sharing with Him the treatment His physical Body received when He came on earth and was refused a decent shelter and had to spend His first days in a stable.

But have you been conscious enough of what has been happening to the colored members of His Mystical Body all these years, long before the war started? Five or ten years from now when you are settled in a comfortable home, the Negro will probably still be living under these tragic conditions.

For instance, he always has to pay outrageous rents for poor apartments simply because the landlords know that he has to live in the Harlems of America and, therefore, will have to pay it. As a result, two or three families share an apartment which, of course, allows no room for a happy Christian family life. Or what is worse, the family may have to take in boarders, strangers whom they know nothing about, in order to help pay the high rent. The results of this are really heart-breaking. One day a woman came into our clothing room with her thirteen-year-old daughter, who was going to have a baby. She seemed like a wonderful mother and I could hardly look at her face when she told me the story for fear I would cry. She said, "One night when I was at St. Mark's Church taking instructions, the man who boards with us got fresh with her." How would you face this heartbroken mother or the frightened little girl, or even the baby which has since been born to face an uncertain future? You mothers, whose Sallys and Janies have just been confirmed or are starting to go to their first dances, how would you feel? If this woman had come to you a few years ago to rent your upstairs apartment, would you have rented it to her or sent her back to Harlem because the neighbors wouldn't like having a colored family on their streets?

**A** TEEN-AGE BOY we know recently went to jail, although he comes from an unusually fine family and has always gone to the Catholic school. But even good family training and the influence of the nuns is sometimes not enough to counteract the effect of the street gangs of New York, especially when the only recreation facilities in the neighborhood are pool rooms, saloons and honky-tonk theatres. This family would probably have moved out of Harlem years ago if they could have found a house in a decent neighborhood, but everywhere they

went there were restrictive covenants or else the people just wouldn't consider renting to colored.

Why don't people realize that when they refuse to rent to colored families they are exposing children's innocent souls to immorality and crime and their delicate bodies to dirt and disease? It cannot be pleaded that it is through ignorance, because almost any white person will tell you that Harlem is crime-ridden and dirty. That is true, but it is not so because the people have a darker skin but for the same reasons that your defense plant towns have an abundance of crime and disease. Over-crowded, bad living conditions bring about the same result no matter what race lives there.

The guilt of the sin of

segregation, the insults to Christ's Mystical Body, must be shared by the consciences of people who sign restrictive covenants or ask unfair rents, or refuse a decent home to anyone because of color.

If you are really praying for an apartment why not promise Our Lord to rent a room of it to a colored girl who no doubt is having a very hard time finding a nice room in a decent neighborhood. Or if you are looking for a home, why not promise to rent part of it to a colored family? Then I'm sure you'll get results. Of course, it will mean a sacrifice. The neighbors may be bitter at first. You'll hear all kinds of arguments about deterioration of property, real estate values, etc. Some will even point out neighborhoods which have been reduced to shambles since colored people took over. Of course these same people don't stop to think that houses that once held two white families now hold six colored families. At the same time service on these houses is not the same as when white families lived in them. Is there any wonder that they deteriorate? If you rent an apartment to one colored family it will be no worse than if you rented it to one white family.

If you are sincerely praying for a home why not begin by

## The B Jots It Down

**I**T IS SURELY A MIRACLE that I found time to "jot anything down" for the November issue of FH news. I am having the fun of my life, and yet the most precious commodity in it at this moment is time. My day (do I sound like Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt? I do not wish to plagiarize) begins at 5:45 a.m. and ends somewhere around 10 p.m. Every minute accounted for, so I have to steal one here, one there, to write this.

It goes this way. I am running from October 1 to December 1, 1946, our new dream-come-true, the Information Center of Friendship House (see articles on same in this issue) and that means that I am all things to all men (or hope I am). There are eight of us at Madonna House, Combermere, for beside the six "pupils" there is Eddie, who took a leave of absence from the Chicago Sun to write his next book in the peace and quiet of the Canadian countryside, and there is I. Well, all of us have to eat, and three meals a day is three meals no matter how you look at it. Then there is the teach-

trying to heal the wounds in the Mystical Body of Our Lord? Then you may be sure He will take care of you.

ing of two periods of two hours each per day, then there is my share of cleaning, and praying. All these take time.

Hence, 5:45 a.m. Up I get, lucky, for I see the sun rise daily and a beautiful sight it is over the river. I also light the kitchen range (wood), the furnace if need be (wood again), cook breakfast, start dinner, and am all ready by 7:30 to go to Mass. Serve breakfast with much help. Shop while the gang cleans and washes the dishes. Come back in time to give the first lecture. Dash from it to put the finishing touches on dinner. Eat same. Work in garden or supervise other work, or shop again. Country shopping being different, by boat or walking miles for this or that. Rush to lecture again. Rush after it to prepare supper—serve, eat same. All this and praying, reading, etc., together—take time. By 9:30 p.m. my eyes close and letters, articles are impossible to me, so it is surely a miracle I am writing this.

**Y**ET I LOVE IT. The gang is swell. The landscape out of this world, the job grand. So I ain't complaining. And being back in my beloved Canada is wonderful. Hello, new and old Canadian friends, won't you write to me? (I promise to make time to answer you). The address is simply Madonna House, Combermere, Ontario, Canada. It would be grand to hear from you all, as they say in the South.

How could I end this column without begging? Impossible, our readers would think that it wasn't mine. And there is always so much to beg for, being that all Friendship Houses are engaged in working with those who need so many things. Don't forget to send clothing, friends, this is always needed. We can dispose of same here in Combermere, too, for need is not confined to cities alone. Books, Catholic books, are needed, too. We here would be glad to get Catholic magazines; there is a great demand for them in rural districts. Salt is another of our present needs here. And old sealers for canning will be gratefully received. Bulbs, flower bulbs, for the farm in Wisconsin and here, will be joy. Chicago, N. Y. C. and St. Joseph's Farm are always in the market for cash, and with Christmas approaching, N. Y. C. and Chicago are begging for candies, toys and gifts for children. Remember them in your charity. We would like to give a party to the kids here. Fifty of them. How about sending us fifty gifts suitable for both boys and girls from 6 years to 15? Our addresses? Here they are; send to the one nearest to you, or the one you prefer.

THANK YOU.

Friendship House  
34 West 135th Street  
New York 30, N. Y.

Friendship House  
309 East 43rd Street  
Chicago 15, Ill.

Friendship House  
St. Joseph's Farm  
Marathon City, Wis.

Madonna House  
Combermere, Ontario  
Canada

## Odyssey of a Bookworm

By Mabel C. Knight

**L**IN YU TANG says an author is a soul-companion. Like other companions, books may be outgrown or may lose their attraction. But they have no feelings to be hurt, so fickleness and changeability need give no qualms. Flitting from flower to flower is perfectly all right. Discovering the Pacific never gave what's his-name more joy than finding a new soul-companion does to a bookworm. And there are more new books than new Pacifics.

Bookworms come very young. Pictures in a Sears-Roebuck catalog intrigue their materialistic, childish minds before they can read. "The Messenger of the Sacred Heart" is a wonderful discovery to a young Catholic bookworm. The pictures delight him before he can read and the stories delight him soon after. From the steady reading of the "Question Box" (a bookworm always devours everything from cover to cover) he finds out a lot of Catholic doctrine in a painless manner. He has wonderful treasures today in Mary Fabyan Windeatt's lives of the saints and little books which used to be sold for a dime in Woolworth's. They have now disappeared. I wonder why.

When a young bookworm is sick he devours any books near at hand. "The Life of Pope Leo XIII" shows him the wonders of Rome and maybe something about the encyclicals. Later F. Marion Crawford's novels tell him more about life in Rome. From "The Life and Times of John Boyle O'Reilly" he gets a great love for freedom and Ireland and, maybe, poetry.

**T**HE YOUNG CATHOLIC bookworm finds few Catholic books in most public

libraries, so he gets a tremendous kick out of any Catholic atmosphere. Bruce in "Scottish Chiefs" sending his heart to the Holy Land, what a gesture! Robin Hood with his own priest there in the wood showing the right of a man to defend his countrymen from a cruel aggressor and his right to eat a deer being superior to the king's right to hunt the deer for pleasure, what a lively companion he is! Then Father Wynn's "Tom Playfair" is an American Catholic boy in a book, mirabile dictu! He finds Seumas McManus taking the faith for granted and embroidering it with marvels of phantasy and humor. What an amusing friend!

But when the bookworm gets a little older all is not so simple. "Ramona" shows him the Catholicism Spain brought to the New World. So he comes home from the library with Ibanez' "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" to find out about Spain. But that is on the Index of Forbidden Books, according to the groceryman, who is a Catholic college graduate with a big family to support so he runs a grocery store to get food wholesale. What a battle then ensues! But Ibanez goes back unread. Then Willa Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop" and "Shadows on the Rock" give some idea of the great faith of France transplanted to the New World. But the author can't be a Catholic because her mystic at Trois Rivieres is too sad. So Victor Hugo is called on for French Catholic culture but the bookworm soon comes upon some sticky filth which smells like Index material, so that's out. But what joy to discover how Catholic is Shakespeare! "Hamlet" reckoning on hell and Romeo and Juliet talking

about palmers and being married by a friar seem much closer to the bookworm than Babbitt.

**T**HEN THE BOOKWORM grows up and acquires some liberal friends. Best-sellers must be read. Then old tastes reassert themselves and a Catholic book comes in. He runs across "Commonweal." Can it be merely coincidence that after he read some Nietzsche for the first time the next number of "Commonweal" had a Catholic interpretation of that instigator of some of our modern barbarisms? Then a liberal friend lends him a volume of Voltaire. That style is the bait that makes him swallow the poison. Follows the realization that he reads all the books his friends recommend but they never read any of the Catholic books he talks about.

Chesterton finally gives him the courage to call his soul his own. He decides to stick to Catholic books and he may get off this see-saw of down with the current best-seller and up with Belloc or Chesterton. So he joins the Catholic Unity League Library at 415 West 59th Street, New York City, which mails books to subscribers for a membership fee of one dollar a year and the cost of stamps, which is very low at book rates. When he sees the catalog he almost shouts, "Where have you been all my life?" For here are the right people. St. Teresa, Mauriac, Dorothy Day, Alice Meynell. There is Catholic Spain, France, England, America. It is the nearest thing to Heaven the bookworm has struck yet.

Then the bookworm starts reading the lives of the saints, "The Catholic Worker," and "Harlem Friendship House News," which show people trying to put into practice the teachings in the books. And the bookworm breaks out of his cocoon and goes to work.



# THE NEGRO IN THE THEATRE

By Melvin McNairy

THE NEGRO ENTERED AMERICAN DRAMA in a "walk-in" role, coming down stage to deliver a joke, a glass of water or a letter. Negroes seemed doomed to be the comic relief of plays sadly in need of comedy. The only exceptions to the earliest plays which showed Negro characters as comic servants and contented slaves were "The Fall of British Tyranny" (1776) and "The Yorker" (1792).

About 1820, Edwin Forrest and F. D. Rice, known as "Jim Crow Rice," began the impersonation of Negroes in shuffling clog dances. These men blackened their faces and probably the greatest was Edward P. Christy, who founded the Christy Minstrels. Stephen Foster wrote his best songs for this troupe. By 1842 other famous minstrel companies were the Congo Melodists, the Ethiopian Serenaders and the famous Georgia Minstrels. Their popularity at home and abroad was amazing in the nineteenth century and thus the Minstrel Show, which at this time was used as a vehicle only by white players, had a great deal to do with setting up the American stereotype of the "comic Negro." And while white actors were blackening their faces to mimic Negroes, Negroes were acting in the classic plays of the English stage. The most famous of

these was Ira Aldridge. From 1821 the African Company presented plays, principally Shakespearean, at the African Grove in New York. There were no plays yet written seriously interpreting the life of the Negro in America and these actors were too able and ambitious for the minstrel stage.

## Propaganda Opened the Theater to the Negro

The cruelties of slavery were used with some power as melodramatic material in a play produced in 1845 called "The Branded Hand," but full use of the stage for propaganda was not made until the abolitionists used it in 1852 to present Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." When Tom, Eva, Topsy, Eliza and the bloodhounds took to the stage, the success was enormous. Over a decade ago, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had been

presented two hundred and fifty thousand times. In 1878 five London theatres presented the play concurrently with tremendous boxoffice success.

Other propagandists were J. R. Trowbridge, whose "Neighbor Jackwood," in 1857, attacked the fugitive slave law; William Wells Brown, the first Negro playwright in this country, whose "A Leap to Freedom," appeared in 1858; and James Brougham, with a play in 1856 on the slave insurrection.

With the coming of the Civil War, the propagandists ceased their writings and the plays presented became again mostly comedies where Negroes participated mainly as house servants. Themes of the old Confederate Regime were dramatized in such plays as "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," "A Fool's Errand" and Mark Twain's "Puddin' Head Wilson."

## Negroes in Black Face

The Negro himself did not appear in minstrel shows until over a quarter of a century after their beginning. This

(Continued on page 6)

## The Casita

WITH A BIT OF NOSTALGIA, I begin writing of fall at the Casita, our fourth autumn season at 305 E. 43 Street. Over our heads hangs the eviction notice for November 1st. What will happen then remains a mystery—and whether the rollicking, lively place we tell of is a reality when this paper comes to you lies in the hands of the Almighty. Be that as it may, I would like to bring you into our children's center for an afternoon—an October afternoon, 1946.

As you pass through the door, you will note in the side window a poster of clean, alert, happy colored children. This, I think, sets the tone of our feelings about the many youngsters who come daily for after-school recreation. Its caption reads:

### "LOOK THEM IN THE EYES."

Tell them they are 'second-rate Americans.'

Tell them they aren't entitled to a real education.

Tell them they can't have decent homes.

Go ahead, tell them if you can, but don't let an American hear you."

The placard came from the P.A.C. To "American", Friendship House could probably add "particularly not a Catholic".

Inside, a whirl of young humanity greets you. The walls of the long ugly store-front building are made just a little more friendly with a colorful array of pictures and children's work. There is Blessed Martin, of course; there are the appealing Hummels and the tempera splash paintings of which the children are so proud. The library corner has a colorful book cover display—the toy-shelf, its well-worn, ever-popular collection of trains or parts of them, blocks and balls, tops and toy dishes. There is the doll rack, with occupants a

bit bedraggled because they are too well-loved. And finally, the juke-box with its bright red front is blaring out a melody above the din of happy, healthy noise.

FIFTY or maybe fifty-five youngsters are enjoying themselves reading, or jumping rope, or drawing, or dressing dolls, or clustering around the craft table for a bingo game. It is free play period at the Casita, the period when the children arrive from school and should not be organized into a definite activity—the time when they need physical activity and a chance to play as they will.

That our room is terribly meager for such a large group, we realize; that playing in a park with a lot of fresh air or in a roomy playroom at home under the guidance of a mother would be ideal, we grant. But there are no parks within walking distance for six to twelve year olds. Dingy, one-room kitchenette-apartments in which a great share of the children live offer no place for play, when four or five and sometimes as many as ten people make a home there. Statistical studies show that over sixty percent of our mothers work daily, usually caring for other people's homes or children. Meanwhile, their Johnnies, Marys, Harrys and Bobbys fend for themselves after school, play on the dirty, dangerous streets—or come to the Casita.

Four-fifteen brings recess and lunch-time. Games and toys are now set aside and everyone sits on benches placed in a circle at the middle of the room. Penny milk is served and lunches, which the children bring, are eaten. Meanwhile, you may hear a story of our Lady or of the saint of the day. Often our patron and namesake, Blessed Martin de Porres, is discussed and you'll be pleased to know,

as we often are, that the children are very well-aware of the reason for their name, "Martinettes".

OUR ORGANIZED ACTIVITY hour follows. If your visit is on Monday, you will attend Miss Roseman's folk-dancing class. Tuesday brings twelve, lively Providence High School girls who teach religion and religious crafts to eager little groups of Martinettes. There may be Colleen Kelly's Book Club, in which each child reads a book a week—or the young dramatic group under Aurelia James, Vera Conroy's story hour, or arts and crafts with Rosemary Grunel. All of these have a definite place in our weekly program to give to each child a little more than just a place to play under supervision.

Your visit would hardly be complete, however, if you didn't meet our Junior Councilors, who assist at the desk and in the games, help keep order and cleanliness day by day. They are high school boys and girls who have once been Martinettes, and who are now volunteering because our staff is so small. We are proud of Marie Rodney, Marlene Steele, Bobby Wharton, Donald Shambie, Gloria Morgan and Gwendolyn Flourney.

To round out your afternoon, we hope you will speak with a parent or two, stopping in on his way to or from work. The interest, the concern over their children, the intense desire to see them succeed, so obvious in spite of all the grim obstacles, will bode unconditional death to those lurking stereotypes, which John Q. Public is always trying to sell you. And I think you will begin praying with us that our landlord can be appeased or changed in heart, placated or paid more—for the Casita has a job to do.

Betty Schneider.

## As the Jim Crow Flies

### Catholic Professors

Among the Eastern Colleges whose faculties include non-white professors is now Seton Hall in South Orange, N. J. Recently appointed are Dr. Francis M. Hammond, former professor of philosophy and languages at Xavier University, New Orleans, to the Department of Philosophy, and Prof. Frank Griffin to the Department of Business Administration.

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### Women's Clubs Work

A colored and a white speaker, invited not long ago to talk before a women's church group in one of Chicago's western suburbs were slightly apprehensive on the trip out, but found their fears to be vain. Before the talks, the chairman opened the meeting with an excerpt from the Annual Yearbook, which included the following:

"There is no safety, no assurance, no real hope for the world until all men come to believe in the sacredness and worth of individuals, regardless of color, creed or culture. Faith is blind until it embraces this vision of oneness under God."

After the talks, the speakers learned that the church had once owned property on the South Side which they had sold rather than sign a Restrictive Covenant. One of the women, planning an art exhibit to be given in the community, had included in the show paintings which she had sought out and borrowed from Negro artists at the South Side Community Art Center.

Race Relations and the Elimination of Race Tensions were singled out for special study this year by the women's group of another church in the center of a high tension area on Chicago's far South Side.

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### Catholic High Schools

For its Third Annual Convention, the Peter Claver Club of Loyola Academy had an all-day session on the Race Question attended by about 50 delegates from the Catholic High Schools of the city. The day began with Mass and an unforgettable sermon by Father Gallagher, S.J., on Charity and Justice. Between breakfast, dinner and an evening banquet, there were talks, discussions and movies. Ed Marciniak, representing the Mayor's Committee, tore scales from the eyes with a lecture on Interracial Justice and with the unswerving logic of the Gospels, met all the new and old questions that popped forth with utter frankness. David James' talk on "The Negro in Chicago" met with almost no questions as David himself was a living refutation of most of the arguments. The program concluded with a dynamic account of Betty Schneider of the work of Friendship House. The boys of the club and their director, Mr. Haas, S.J., deserve a great deal of credit. May there be more such days, not only here in Chicago, but elsewhere.



## AROUND THE

By BLANCHE S.

THE telephone rang and it was a social worker, with a problem you have time to listen?

"One of my cases, a little colored was converted early last summer. for admittance at a Catholic home they do not take Negroes, they admit fair-skinned. But she was not allowed for they would be obviously Negro white inmates."

"Completely cut off from friends live in the city, a brother-in-law, permission for a visit from her brother finally granted, only he had to be away. Not long after, her illness became affected and she was removed to the county hospital and later to she recovered. The Sisters were at the home, but in spite of their not want to go back—to the loneliness."

"So she is now in a small, private where conditions are heart-breaking food, overcrowding (four beds are and three in the dining room) and after almost sixty old people, most."

"My agency says they can do no private institution. I'm just sick and becoming quite bitter about her reaction much to me about that, for she knows you please visit her?"

Tevey and I did go to visit the beautiful soul, gentle and cheerful. Her while she used to have Communism been able to get to the Sacramento, unable to go out alone in the street."

Mary, Queen of the Holy Rosary, the closed doors of Bethlehem, open."

Mother of Mercy, once an exile in."

Help of the sick and comforter of your Son come unto His own when open our eyes and rouse our mind scandal."

Mother of the Mystical Body, obtain for other, His members."

## BOOK REVIEW

### COLOR BLIND

By Margaret Halsey  
Simon and Schuster.

Margaret Halsey did not go into USO work during the war to study race relations nor to espouse the cause of interracial justice. Yet, working for four years in a famous New York Canteen which accepted all servicemen, she met the question head on and emerged an expert in the field. "Color Blind," her newest book, is the result of that collision. It is a warm and thrilling chronicle of democracy in action—by people who took it literally and seriously and demonstrated that the American ideal, far from being a mere dream, can come gloriously to life, if only enough people will have a little courage.

For four years, white and Negro Junior hostesses at the Canteen danced with Negro and white servicemen and NOTHING happened—nothing calamitous, that is. None of the dire predictions of the "Timid Souls" or the "Rinso-whites" came true. Neither a riot, nor a single "coal-black baby with purple high lights!"

With sometimes startling frankness of expression, Miss Halsey allows the clear light



# CHICAGO HOUSE

09 E. 43 ST

## ED THE HOUSE

BLANCHE SCHOLES

ing and it was one of our volunteers, a with a problem: "This is Genevieve. Do then?"

a little colored lady about 81 years old, last summer. Shortly after, she applied Catholic home for old people, and, though roes, they admitted her since she is quite ne was not allowed to have any visitors viously Negro and that would upset the

f from friends and her only living rela- rother-in-law, she fell ill. She pleaded it from her brother-in-law and it was he had to be smuggled in up the back er, her illness grew worse, her mind d she was removed to Psychopathic al and later to the state hospital. Here Sisters were willing to take her back spite of their many kindnesses, she did -to the loneliness of exile.

a small, private 'board and room' home heart-breakingly frightful: inadequate four beds are set up in the front parlor ng room) and only one matron to look e people, most of whom are on relief. ey can do nothing about it, since it is a 'm just sick about it. The poor soul is r about her religion, but she won't say t, for she knows I am a Catholic! Won't

to visit the home and found her a beau- cheerful. Her only complaint was that ave Communion every day, she hadn't the Sacraments for some time as she is e in the streets.

e Holy Rosary you who know so well ethlehem, open our hearts.

nce an exile in Egypt, open our homes. d comforter of the afflicted, who saw his own when "they received Him not," ouse our minds to the dread woes of

ical Body, obtain for us love of one an-

## BOOK REVIEW

COLOR BLIND

Margaret Halsey and Schuster, N. Y., \$2

not go of direct, practical experience to expose the dark myths which have blinded the pre- judiced and fairly hypnotized even the unprejudiced into fear of granting the Negro first class citizenship.

Writing, not as a profes- sional social worker nor as a full time worker of an interracial organization, Miss Halsey achieves a unique sort of ob- jectivity — all the earnestness of the scientist (and she has her facts!), yet with irresist- ible lightness of touch. Herein lies much of the force of this book. Denouncing pre- judice with vehement wit and ridicule, the author still pre- serves fairness to Southern- ers, a triumph of real insight into the American dilemma!

Take, therefore, and read! If you are already convinced of interracial justice, you will enjoy the freshness of ap- proach and find many of your favorite arguments expressed as you would have given your eye teeth to express them. If you are still waiting to be convinced, you will be re- warded with a new desire to become 'color blind.'

Blanche Scholes.

## Volunteers' Column

Volunteers are strange peo- ple at times but perhaps it's because "God works in mys- terious ways His wonders to perform."

\*\*\*

There was the time Ed Adams, our teen age counsel- or, brought a young guest of 14 to Wednesday nite supper. His home was in Milwaukee but he had decided to see the country. Because mom and dad might object, he left quietly with two comrades. In Chicago his friends dropped him by sending him into the store with 5c for apples. Deserted, Ed found him crying in the gutter. So FH set one extra plate and sent him home filled and wiser.

\*\*\*

Bill Lynch with the CYO is running a volunteer enlist- ment program throughout Chicagoland parishes and hopes to send a steady stream FH way. We are waiting with many prayers and much work.

\*\*\*

Bernice Marciniak, the new future Mrs., is doing her so- cial work case load in the dis- trict around Friendship House now.

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Sylvia Owczarik HAS BEEN TANTALIZING us with the tale of her luxurious, restful vacation this fall drifting a la Showboat down the beautiful Ohio and muddy Mississippi.

\*\*\*

Ken Fick U. S. N. has a new title nowadays, "Staff Worker Recruiting Officer." He an- swered the phone one noon- time and a gentle voice said "Does Friendship House have any rooms for rent?" "Well," said Ken, "not unless you are a staff worker." "Oh!" said the voice, "What are the qual- ifications?"

\*\*\*

Rudolph Thomas and Thera Kerr are our new active mem- bers of the Mystical Body, having come from the waters of regeneration during the past month. We rejoice and re-echo St. Gregory Nazian- zen who said, "Baptism is the ascension to God, the pil- grimage with Christ, the light of our faith, the washing away of sin, the bursting of the fetters of slavery, the true key of heaven."

\*\*\*

Alan Bates, after helping out for some weeks during the acute "staff shortage," has gone on to New York to the Catholic Worker. Thanks, Alan, for your work in the li- brary, for your errands of mercy and last but not least, for your words of theological wisdom.

COLLEEN KELLY.

## All Saints

Hear the prayers of sup- pliants.

Imploring the rewards of eternal life,

O ye, who bear in your hands the sheaves of justice,

And who come today rejoic- ing.

—From the responsories of All Saints.

## Terrorism Against Negro Homes in Chicago

(May 1, 1944, Through July 20, 1946)

No.	Date	Address	Act of Violence	Police Action
1944				
1.	May 1	4333 S. Wentworth.....	Arson; 2 children died, 3 injured. (John J. Jerry)	Investigation; verdict of murder at coroner's inquest; no apprehension.
2.	May	3120 S. Wells.....	Church stoned and shot at.	Investigation.
3.	May	2740 S. Wentworth.....	Windows broken.	Investigation.
4.	May- July	950 W. Erie.....	Arson and windows broken (May); arson-bombing causing much dam- age (July).	Detail withdrawn before second attack; investigation.
5.	May 28	4143 S. Wentworth.....	Arson. (Robert Davenport)	Investigation; detail assigned.
6.	July	229-31 S. Wood.....	Windows broken; arson. (Cornelia Tilford)	Investigation.
7.	Oct.	510 W. Garfield.....	Paint-vandalism; stench-bombing. (John Titus)	Detail assigned.
8.	Oct. 15	255 W. 48th Place.....	Arson; repeated vandalism. (Virginia Dobbins)	Adult booked and discharged by judge; five juveniles apprehended; detail assigned.
9.	Oct. 23- Nov. 26	2027 W. Grenshaw.....	Arson, causing \$5,000 damage (Oct.); window broken, lumber stolen (Nov.). (Mrs. A. G. Clark)	Detail assigned.
10.	Oct. 31	4159 S. Princeton.....	Arson; attempted assault; threat of shooting. (Mrs. Gladys Alexander)	Detail assigned.
11.	Nov. 23	3021 W. Warren.....	Rocks thrown into building. (Isaiah Harris)	Police ordered to check property.
12.	Nov. 23, 25, 27, 29, 30	6314 S. Ellis.....	Windows broken each time. (Fellowship House)	Two policemen stationed after first attempt unable to catch subsequent vandals. Police ordered to observe property.
13.	Dec. 12	912 S. Winchester.....	Arson. (Sam Ingallinera)	
1945				
14.	Feb. 21- April 19	5813 S. LaSalle.....	Shooting both times.	Detail assigned (for 4 months). Investigation.
15.	Mar. 8	6109 S. Bishop.....	Stench-bombing. (Williams)	Investigation.
16.	Mar. 8	4155 S. Wells.....	Stoning. (Jacobs)	
17.	April 10, May, June 10	315 W. 51st St.....	Arson (April); shooting (May and June).	Policeman present at arson failed to catch culprit, suspended from force for 10 days; second detail assigned, but no further action on subsequent violence. Detail assigned before arson; 24-hour detail after arson.
18.	May 8	2135 S. Halsted.....	Arson. (Dorsey)	Detail assigned; no apprehensions.
19.	May 9	2900-02 S. Wentworth.....	Arson completely destroyed build- ing, killing woman and injuring others; previous stoning and arson.	24-hour detail assigned.
20.	May 12	4135 S. Drexel.....	3 arson-bombings. (Rev. Dabney)	Investigation. Detail assigned.
21.	May	4111 S. Drexel.....	Building wrecked.	Detail assigned; reassigned.
22.	May	921 N. Racine.....	Stoning.	Investigation.
23.	May-Aug.	4236 W. Armitage.....	Stoning (May); rocks thrown thru window hitting occupants (Aug.).	Detail assigned; reassigned.
24.	May 30	1318 W. Ohio.....	Building wrecked. (Agnes Lyczak)	Investigation.
25.	June	6715 S. Michigan.....	Stoning; arson, causing much dam- age.	Detail assigned.
26.	June 25	6743 S. Wabash.....	Stoning; arson few days later.	Detail present when arson occurred; policeman suspended. Detail assigned.
27.	July 13	9530 S. Forest.....	Arson; stench-bombing.	Detail assigned.
28.	July 25	3417 Prairie.....	Bombing.	Investigation.
29.	Aug.	1271 W. Cortez.....	Stoning.	Investigation.
30.	Sept. 11	742 W. Weed.....	Arson; stoning week later.	Investigation.
31.	Oct. 18	211 W. 29th St.....	Bombing; arson. (Henry Thomas)	Two boys apprehended; night detail assigned.
32.	Oct. 25	6012 S. Green.....	Windows broken.	Detail present; no apprehension.
33.	Oct. 30	6439 S. Maryland.....	Shooting; windows broken. (Frank Green)	Investigation.
34.	Nov.	4018 S. Normal.....	Arson causing much damage; sub- sequent bombing threats. (Celeste Jones)	Investigation.
35.	Nov. 26	2343 W. Monroe.....	Windows broken.	Investigation.
36.	Dec. 2	1856 Blue Island.....	Plumbing damaged (Dec.); arson- bombing (Feb.). (Mrs. Johnson)	Detail assigned; 24-hour detail as- signed.
1946				
37.	Jan. 26	734 W. 47th St.....	Arson. (Mrs. Hamphill)	Police supervision before arson; 24- hour detail assigned after.
38.	Feb. 21	5616 S. Normal.....	Windows broken. (Mrs. Robert Jones)	Investigation.
39.	Feb. 25- April 5	1939 W. Taylor.....	Arson-bombing. (Mrs. Lena Tatum)	Investigation; detail assigned.
40.	May 1- June 27	315 W. Garfield.....	Arson-bombing, woman severely burned (May); arson (June). (Mrs. Grace Hardy)	Detail assigned and present at second attack.
41.	May	5528 S. Wentworth.....	Garage bombed.	Investigation.
42.	June 30- July 1	7200 S. Eberhart.....	Arson; window-breaking. (Dr. Eugene Cooper)	One juvenile apprehended and re- leased; detail present at stoning.
43.	July	5762 S. Wentworth.....	Bombing.	
44.	July	5754 S. Wentworth.....	Windows broken.	
45.	July	5730 S. Wentworth.....	Windows broken.	
46.	July 12	4203 S. Wells.....	Arson. (Campbell)	24-hour detail assigned.

## A WORLD A MAN CAN LIVE IN

By The Most Reverend Bernard J. Sheil, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago

A world a man can live in must be free from the deadly disease of race prejudice. If we are truly Christian, we cannot preach one thing and practice another. If we are truly democratic, we cannot preach equality and deny it to millions of our fellow Americans. We recoil with horror from Buchenwald and from Dachau. We cannot find words adequate to describe our revulsion. Yet, are our hands quite clean? Can we denounce the appalling atrocities in Germany and ignore our own practices? Our own hands are stained with the same brush. We decry racism and its fiendish injustices; yet we participate blandly in

similar practices in our own nation. We have not erased racism from the conscience of the world by defeating Ger- many. It is still a live and bitter issue to millions of Amer- icans this very day.

I deplore and disavow with all the strength of my being the hate which is deliberately fostered by persons who call themselves "Americans". I hate the hate which tries to twist and pervert the Amer- ican spirit into an unlovely, unlovable thing. As Jacques Maritain has said: "It is pos- sible that in a few years this country may have to defend itself against the spiritual wave of destruction of human values which for a time sub-

merged Europe . . . (America) would then see, undisguised before her, the face of evil and evil's reality." I am con- vinced that America already sees the "face of evil" in the hideous shape of race bigotry, which is the first step toward full-blown Fascism. I am nauseated by our native Fas- cists, who use racism as a weapon of political and eco- nomic dominations. I am sick- ened and shamed by those re- ligious leaders, of all beliefs, who do not use race at all, for any purpose, but simply ig- nore it. I despise the meager- ness of spirit and the bleak- ness of soul represented by this monstrous thing, race prejudice.



## NEGRO IN THE THEATRE

(Continued from page 4)

was immediately after the Civil War. Then there sprang up such troupes as Louis Johnson's Plantation Minstrel Company, Chandler's Minstrels and the Georgia Minstrels. In these companies, many Negroes were trained who were later to become big names on Broadway. In 1890, the "Creole Show," the first show in this country to glorify the colored girl, emerged from the minstrel pattern. This was followed in 1895 by "The Octoroon."

The first real step away from the minstrel show was taken by Bob Cole, a Negro, when he produced in 1896 a show entitled "A Trip to Coontown." This was the first show to be organized, produced and managed by Negroes.

In 1893 Paul Lawrence Dunbar and Will Marie Cook presented "Clorindy." About this time the Negroes originated the dance called the Cakewalk. By 1900 all-Negro shows were highly popular on Broadway such as "Jes Lak White Folks," "The Policy Players," "The Sun of Ham," "Bandana Land," "The Shoo-fly Regiment," and "Rufus Rastus Brown." These shows presented such talented people as Bert Williams, Ernest Hayes, George Walker, Alex Rogers, Jessie Skipp and S. H. Dudley.

### Problem Drama—The Serious Approach

With the presentation of "The Klansman" by Thomas Dickson, the comedy of Negro life no longer monopolizes the stage. In 1906 Joseph S. Carter, a Negro playwright, presented "The Degenerate." In 1909 came William Moody's "The Faith Healer," and perhaps the most ambitious problem drama ever presented, Edward Sheldon's "The Nigger."

The Negro remained active in the theatre and in the 20s, Paul Green began to write "The No Count Boy," "The Prayer Meeting," "In Abraham's Bosom." The year 1930 saw Bradford's "Green Pastures" and Langston Hughes' "The Mulatto." These problem plays were succeeded by radical plays such as "Stevedore" and "They Shall Not Die." [Paul Robeson scored a hit in "Othello."—Ed.]

With the depression came the Federal Theatre Project,

which as an experimental venture, made two notable contributions: it permitted Negroes to enter the technical fields as well as that of acting, and it opened drama schools to Negro students.

Today, in Chicago, there is a terrific effort here on the South Side by the Communists to organize a radical theatre. The Sheil House Players, newly formed at Sheil House, have a double job: as an amateur group, to keep alive the torch by offering an experimental theatre to fight the radical theatre by supplying one which is liberal but not Communist.

### Editor's Note:

The above are Mr. McNairy's lecture notes for a talk he delivered at Friendship House, Monday evening, September 30. Since they deal with important but little known facts, we asked his permission to print them.

Mr. McNairy, who is Director of the Sheil House Players, has had considerable experience in the drama, having worked with the Old Time Players at the Grand Theatre and with the Federal Theatre Project. He studied with the Chicago Repertory Group and was at one time President of the Negro Theatre Players. He is a member of the Catholic Interracial Council of Chicago and as an active, zealous Catholic, he is creating an effective apostolate of the drama.

### SORRY!

Many friends have suggested that, since most other publications have increased their prices to meet rising costs, Harlem Friendship House News, which has already doubled in size, should do likewise. So we are raising our subscription price, hoping in this way to have our paper pay its own way and also help our bill for other literature. Prejudiced and uninformed people will not pay for Friendship House literature. Some won't even read it when it is given to them! But to free one soul from the clutches of hate is worth our whole printer's bill and then some. We hope you won't mind helping us.

Starting January, 1947, Harlem Friendship House News will be

One Year --- \$1  
Two Years --- \$1.50

Give some subscriptions for Christmas at the old price of 50c!

### Said the politician:

A man in my condition  
Is not in a position.  
To question the sources  
Of the checks he endorses.  
Ed Willock in "Integrity"

## All Souls' Day

IT IS TRULY meet and just, right and availing unto salvation, that we should at all times and in all places give thanks unto Thee, O holy Lord, Father almighty and everlasting God; through Christ our Lord, in whom the hope of a blessed resurrection hath shone upon us, that those whom the certainty of dying afflicteth, may be consoled by the promise of future immortality. For unto Thy faithful, O Lord, life is changed, not taken away; and the abode of this earthly sojourn being dissolved, an eternal dwelling is prepared in heaven. And therefore with angels and archangels, with thrones and dominions, and with all the heavenly hosts, we sing a hymn to Thy glory, saying without ceasing:

Holy, holy holy, Lord God of hosts. Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the highest.

Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

—Preface of the Mass for the Dead.



## The B's New Book

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE, by Catherine de Hueck; Sheed & Ward; \$2.75.

"If America were a democracy in the fullness of its fruition," says the Baroness de Hueck, "if Catholics in America were really CATHOLICS; then there would be no need of writing about the Negro problem. Everyone would have Negro neighbors . . . go to school with Negro children . . . work side by side with Negroes. . . . That is the way it is today in Catholic countries. That is the way it was yesterday when the world was Catholic."

Probably few American Catholics are unaware that we are witness to a grave social injustice with regard to the colored people. But the Baroness de Hueck, foundress of Friendship Houses in New York, Chicago, Wisconsin, Ontario, director of a unique group of lay apostles living in poverty in the Harlems of America, has more to say to Catholics on this subject than any one else. And she says that the situation is far graver than most Catholics think. "Tense are the Harlems of America. Tense, desolate, and fearsome. The shadow of race riots is falling over them. You see, don't you, that the Negro is at the crossroads of his destiny? That the harvest is ripe? Quo vadis, colored America? Will it be to the Communists or back to your father's house?"

Her own answer has been to baptize Communist technique. Where the Communists have sent their proselytizers to feed and clothe and instruct, Catholic lay apostles are now at work, dependent upon God's providence and the charity of fellow-Christians—opening the doors of Friendship Houses to Brothers Christopher Colored or not, feeding, clothing, consoling, converting.

In Friendship House the Baroness and several of the staff workers tell the story, relating their experiences with all the variety of the Brothers Christopher who have accepted the invitation of Friendship House to "stay as long as they would."

—Sheed & Ward Catalog

## Farm Bulletin

By Monica Durkin

A COLD WIND is blowing, with an occasional shower of rain, and it is good to be inside our warm kitchen. Marie Faust is making chili sauce with the last of our tomatoes and the house is filled with its piquant odor. October has been unusually lovely this year—each morning on our walk to and from Mass we have revelled in the ever-shifting masses of color of the Wisconsin countryside. The preponderance of yellow reminds one of Sir Osbert Sitwell's . . . "or in the early mornings of October . . . everything, every stone and trunk and dying, gilded leaf, takes on a hue of deeper and decaying gold."

We have been busy the last few days getting out our begging letter. The end of the summer finds us deeply in debt and our exchequer makes Mother Hubbard's cupboard look overcrowded. We are praying very hard as we address, and fold and stamp our letters that they may strike a responsive chord in the hearts of the recipients. We need help, desperately, to keep going, and we are confident that we will receive it.

Marie Faust and Julius Harmon are helping the Farm to operate until new staff workers are available in January—Margaret Nicholson has been transferred to our New York House, and we miss her no end. Marie went to Ripon recently and addressed a group of fifty people from the Woman's Alliance of the Episcopal Church and members of the two Catholic parishes in Ripon. The meeting was held in the parish hall of the Episcopal Church and everyone was deeply interested in the story of Friendship House and what we are trying to do here in Wisconsin in our Summer School of Catholic interracial techniques. We have noted an increasing number of inquiries recently and last month someone sent us a clipping and picture from the Sunday Milwaukee Journal about our summer sessions. Our library has a new-found friend and benefactress—Mrs. I. C. Anthony of La Jolla, California, who collects the discarded books from the La Jolla Public Library and sends them on to us—each month we receive several packages of worthwhile books, and one day soon we will have to think of enlarging our shelves.

MONDAY MORNING MARIE AND I will go to Green Bay for the last two days of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference. We are ardent fans of the Conference and read avidly the excellent journal of the organization, "Land and Home." The program contains many prominent speakers, and we will give you a report on the proceedings next month. Green Bay has been a center of Catholicity since 1671 when it was visited by the French Jesuit missionaries, and indeed the actual beginning of the State of Wisconsin is traced by certain historians to the settlement at nearby De Pere by Father Allouez, S. J. and Nicholas Perrot, the trader, explorer and agent of the French in that year. This was the first permanent colony west of the Allegheny Mountains. Msgr. Ligutti and his associates are working to have St. Isidore proclaimed the patron saint of American farmers and the story of this Spanish saint, who spent his life in prayer and labor on the land is one in which every rural worker will find inspiration and encouragement. Among the publications of the Conference, which cover a wide range of technical and religious subjects, is the following "Prayer of a Rural Family."

Wise and compassionate God, accept this our prayer;  
Sheltered from storm and darkness, under this roof  
This family kneels to adore Thee,  
For the day just past,  
For keeping us safely, body and soul,  
Now we most humbly thank Thee.  
For hilltops and verdure,  
For sunlight and wind and boundless space,  
For rain and the sky's rich color,  
For boughs and blossoms and cold clean snow,  
We are eternally grateful.  
For birds and beasts,  
For the good black earth and the seeds producing  
The plenteous harvest; for times without number  
When we have eaten of that same harvest,  
We thank Thee and bless Thee forever.  
Deliver us safely, if such be Thy will,  
From deluge and drought,  
From famine and war and disaster.  
Give us tomorrow, as yesterday and today,  
All things most needed for rightful living;  
And move our hearts that we may have sorrow  
For sinning against Thee.  
God of the hearth and the harvest,  
Thy children, here kneeling, adore Thee.  
Bless now our rest

And cherish us safe till the morrow.

### TODAY'S GODS

Whatever gods the people worship today are concrete, earthy things of clay. These are the gods of the senses: wealth, fame, passion, physical ease. . . .

Lined up against the scheme stands the Catholic Church, the spouse of Christ. The frightening responsibility of bearing arms against tyranny lies completely and irrevoc-

ably upon the shoulders of Confirmed Christians.

Would it not be tragic if the last to cling to the tenets of worldliness were those who are heirs to Heaven? Is it not strange that the Thing we keep hidden from our associates, as if in shame, is the Bread for which a hungry world is searching?

Ed Willock, co-editor of "Integrity," 1556 York Ave., New York 28.



## READING FOR THE FUTURE

(Continued from page 1)

be educational and recreational under whatever menace of annihilation, I should like to present the subject of spiritual reading as perhaps the most logical reading for the future.

**THE PLACE** of spiritual reading in our western civilization has undergone a complete reversal in the past three hundred years. Books of devotions, biographies of the saints, paraphrases of the Scriptures, allegories were the essential, and indeed almost the only reading for the laity as well as the clergy well into the seventeenth century. Breviaries and Missals were the commonest books and constitute today our greatest art treasures surviving from dismantled medieval libraries. Every lady had her Book of Hours, a commentary on as well as a contrast to the ubiquitous cigarette case and compact of the modern woman. The *Legenda Aurea* was the readers' omnibus for generations and is still essential to all real libraries. *Scales and Ladders* and *Mirrors of Perfection* were as common to the fourteenth century as digests are today. *The Pilgrimage of Man's Life*, the fifteenth century pattern for Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, preceded our dictionaries by centuries. The *Imitation of Christ* was translated by the grandmother of Henry VIII. Boethius' *Consolations of Philosophy* was translated by Queen Elizabeth. Out of the fourteenth century, I choose the two most typical, most popular writers to support my recommendation of spiritual reading for the future. They are Chaucer and Richard Rolle.

Chaucer wrote in his *Legend of Good Women* this description of his own reading:

"A thousand tymes have I heard men telle  
That ther ys joy in hevne and payne in helle,  
And I acorde wel that it ys so;  
But, natheles, yet wot I wel also  
That ther nis noon dwellyng in this contree,  
That eyther hath in hevne or helle ybe . . .  
Than mote we to bokes that we fynde,  
Thurgh whiche that olde thynges ben in mynde  
And to the doctrine of these olde wyse,  
Yeve credence, in every skylful wise,  
That tellen of these olde approved stories  
Of holynesse, of regnes, of victories,  
Of love, of hate, of other sondry thynges,  
Of whiche I may not maken rehersynges.  
And yf that olde bokes were awaye,  
Yloren were of remembrance the keye.  
Well ought us thanne honouren and beleve  
These bokes, there we han noon other preve."

**HE READ FOR THE FUTURE** in the profoundest sense. He read books of doctrine and of creed. He read the approved stories of holiness. Today this would be spiritual reading. As thoroughly typical of his time, he

reflects the reading tastes and habits of his time.

Richard Rolle, an exact contemporary of Chaucer, living hardly fifty miles north of him, wrote in a brief lifetime innumerable lyrics, paraphrases of the psalms, meditations, epistles. So popular were his writings that practically all of his manuscripts were printed on the continent. Over four hundred still survive as compared to the handful of Chaucer manuscripts that we now treasure. Rolle was possibly the gayest, most eager-hearted, most widely-read writer of his day. He was a propagandist of spiritual joy in an epoch of shock and sorrow. He founded all his writing on the Scriptures as God's law and said beautifully of the vision of God:

"The syght of God in this lif is naught but through trouth."

Rolle and Chaucer are two of the great formative influences in English thought and life. They lived in an epoch of violent transition, an age as precarious and troubled as our own. They were young men in the very heart of a hundred years' war. Chaucer fought on the fields of France at eighteen. Gunpowder was the atomic bomb of their day. The Black Death, with no modern medicine, was worse than polio and tropical fever. World war, plague, famine, bereavement encompassed these young men. Survival itself was at bay. Yet they read and paraphrased the Scriptures and the Lives of the Saints. They read Saint Bernard and Saint Augustine. They read Aristotle and Cicero and Ovid. Chaucer even immortalized the Chicago plan nearly six centuries before the *Hundred Best Books* became a college curriculum. His Clerk more than matches the best that Saint John's has yet produced:

"For hym was levere have at his beddes heed  
Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reed,  
Of Aristotle and his philosophie,  
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrie.  
But al be that he was a philosopher,  
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;  
But al that he myghte of his freendes hente,  
On bookes and on lernynge he it spente,  
And bisily gan for the soules preye  
Of hem that yaf hym wherewith to scoleye."

At the end of an epoch, at the beginning of an epoch, in the heart of world war, in the menace of plague, in the shock of gunpowder and its threat to human survival, these best readers and writers of the fourteenth century answered our questions of reading for the future through the avenues of spiritual books, philosophy, the classics. They moved their generation to follow their example. Perhaps they can move us.

**PERHAPS OUR CENTURY**, already paralleling theirs in desolation, has come, too, upon their inner springs of joy. I believe that it has. There are many hopeful signs. The best of all is the unprece-

dented restoration of the Bible to our bookshelves, our reading tables, our minds, our lives. No century since the seventeenth has seen so many and such scholarly translations of all or parts of the Scriptures. Bibles and New Testaments have never been so available or so widely circulated. This in itself provides copious reading for the

## Appeal of Communism

**ALL THE DEPARTMENT STORES** and cancer committees and country clubs and refrigerators lumped together will not bring us eternal life. In the absence of these things we hope in them. In the possession of those things we know our own despair. Herein lies the explanation for Communism's appeal to the rich and intellectual (those classes with a surfeit of natural goods). Men have a passion for the absolute. Communism is an absolute, a religion. It is not a new egg beater, but a cause to die for. It does not demand five dollars down and ten dollars a week, but blind and unswerving loyalty.

Peter Michaels in "Integrity."

future and inspired preparation for its immortal tense.

Not since the days of the Fathers of the Church have the saints been more fortunate in their biographers. Hagiography has again become literature and great literature. Our generation, like Rolle and Chaucer, reads the golden legends of holiness. The Clerk of Oxenford, had he lived today, would probably have had twenty volumes of the *Summa* at his bed's head. And so have we, figuratively speaking. Or if the *Summa* is too difficult, we have *The Companion* for our less specialized capacities.

Apart from these we have available today a rich world of books, expository, devotional, apologetic, doctrinal. The finest and the most fastidious mind can find in current spiritual literature books to meet and to satisfy him as little else in contemporary literature can do. We have also revivals and reprints of our classics in all fields.

**OUR WORLD** can commit suicide. It can annihilate itself. Conferences around pre-arranged peace tables of men cannot prevent this. Conferences around reading tables of the Holy Spirit and the Word of God can. Companionship with spirits of evil in high places cannot safeguard our future. Companionship with the saints through the reading of their lives can. In an article on "The Atomic Bomb versus Civilization" in the *N.E.A. Journal* for March, 1946, Robert Hutchins says: "Every school, college, and university, every library, community building and home must become a center of the education of Americans of all ages in that common tradition and those common ideas and ideals upon which a world community must rest. The

Mr. Business went to Mass.  
He never missed a Sunday.  
Mr. Business went to hell  
For what he did on Monday.

Ed Willock in "Integrity"

## FRIENDSHIP HOUSE, CANADA

(Continued from page 1)

have that. Yet we lead an orderly busy life here amidst all the beauties of nature, just as we do at all Friendship Houses, for we have come here to teach and learn, by living, praying, working and studying together.

And there is much to learn. The history of Friendship House. Its spirit. All about being a Staff Worker in its Apostolate. The techniques it uses in its fight for Interracial Justice in America. The place of Mass, mental, vocal prayers, spiritual reading, etc., in the

task is an overwhelming one and the chance of success is slight. We must take the chance or die."

Where shall we find these common ideas and ideals if not in God's revelation to us and in the lives of His heroic friends. Mr. Hutchins says:

"There is no defense against the atomic bomb. . . . It produces a world which must live in perpetual fear. . . . And this world is particularly explosive."

Against this I set the testimony of Dame Juliana of Norwich, a recluse living in an anchorhold in Norwich during the very years that Rolle and Chaucer were so bravely and beautifully reading and writing for this future of which we are a part. In her thirtieth year, Dame Juliana experienced sixteen revelations of God's love. From her account of them this excerpt answers Dr. Hutchins:

"In this same time our good Lord shewed a ghostlie sight of his homelie loving: I saw that he is to us all thing that is good and comfortable to our help."

He is our clothing, that for love wrappeth us, and windeth us, halseth us, and all becloseth us, hangeth about us for tender love, that he maie never leave us. And so in this sight I saw that he is all thing that is good as to my understanding.

And in this Christ shewed a little thing, the quantitie of a hasel-nutt, lying in the palme of my hand, as me seemed; and it was as round as a ball. I looked thereon with the eie of my understanding, and thought, "What may this be?" and it was answered generally thus:

"It is all that is made." I marvelled how it might last; for me thought it might soderlie have fallen to naught for litleenes. And I was answered in my understanding, "It lasteth, and ever shall: For God loveth it. And so hath all thing being by the love of God." In this little thing I saw three properties.

The First is, that God made it.

The Second is, that God loveth it.

The Third is, that God keepeth it."

This is the spirit of the fourteenth century as against the twentieth, the exaltation of faith and hope and love as against the pessimism of despair. We have a future for which to read, an immortality to realize, a Beatific Vision to behold. We read for eternity. Doing so we will do the best, the holiest, the happiest of all reading for time.

life of its members. Its inner construction and hierarchy. Its organization. Then broadening out, the history of the Lay Apostolate in general. The History of the Negro, and race relations in U.S.A. The social encyclicals of the Pope, and their place in our work. Credit-Unions, Cooperatives. Back to the land movements, and the reasons why we sponsor these. Yes, there is much to learn, and little time, only two short months to do it in.

Of course, we do not expect to cover all these points or subjects in such a short time. No, it takes five years to make a finished Staff Worker of Friendship House. Here everything is outlined with emphasis on the inner spirit and structure, techniques and life of FH. The rest will be given in details thru the coming years, at whichever FH a given applicant is assigned.

Then there are the daily chores to do. Cooking, washing dishes, cleaning, scrubbing, working in the garden. Chopping wood. Minding fires. Cleaning oil lamps, for we have no electricity; pumping water. All these we do together. Learning as we go BY DOING. Then there is the work of integrating ourselves and FH into the Community, for we always do that. Parties to be given, community works like Church bazaars to participate in . . . there are a thousand ways . . . and we learn some of them. Yes, there is much to do at the I.C. (Information Centre) of FH in Canada.

**THEN THERE IS PRAYING** together. And what better way is there than the liturgical way, which forms always the FH foundation? Mass, Prime, Compline. The re-reading of the Mass of the day after lunch to get a better understanding of its spirit and lessons for this day. And having fun together is part of it all. For integrated Catholicity which we aim to achieve is all of these put together and lifted up to God, thru Jesus Christ His Son. How wonderful to have a place and the chance to do it. Alleluia.

The six of class 1946 FH are swell. Henrietta Hronek comes to us from Cleveland, a practical nurse. She is efficient at all things. Lorraine Schneider and Geni Galloway, both from our beloved State of Wisconsin, are charming, earnest, gay girls. Mary Clinch, from Chicago, has been at FH there a few months before coming here. James Quinlin, from Baltimore, and Bill Flynn, from Chicago, are natural born ruralites in the making. We shall write about some of them in detail in the future. Some have already been written up. Kathryn Noel, another newcomer to FH's way of life, alas, could not join us this year, and went straight to New York City FH instead, for the accommodations of Madonna House are limited, but we will see her here next year, we hope.

God is good. And with all our heart and soul we praise Him, and render thanks to Him for this, our last dream, come true—the Information Centre of FH in Canada.



## STAFF REPORTER

(Continued from page 2)

to defend the doctrines of the Church.

We were lucky to have a mission by a Redemptorist father while we were in Combermere. As we walked along to church we were passed by people in cars and buggies with the mother and father on the seat and the children with a lantern in back. These buggies were hitched under the great dark pines, and the rosy light of the lantern lighted up the children's laughing faces as the faith lights up their lives. Many people walked six miles and more to make the mission. It was inspiring to see the whole congregation saying the stations of the Cross either before or after the services. At the end of the services the people showed their devotion to Fr. Dwyer on the great occasion of his silver jubilee of ordination by giving him a gift with a speech which Eddie Doherty composed, ending with the words, "The only way we can show the warmth of our affection for you, Fa-

ther, is with cold cash." Father thanked the people for their cooperation (they have built a rectory, school and parish hall since Father Dwyer came), and hoped they were not in the financial condition of the people in the old saying, "After a mission there is neither a mortal sin nor a dollar in the parish." It was a real privilege for us to take part in this great week of Catholic inspiration.

On the feast of Christ the King, Donald Frederick DuBois, the young son of Donald and Nancy Grenell DuBois, was made a member of the Mystical Body by being baptized by Rev. Aloysius Owen, S. J., at St. Anthony of Padua's church. Eleanor Merrill and Mr. Emmanuel Romero were the sponsors. Many friends had a fine time renewing acquaintances at the party afterward at Don and Nancy's home. The new little fellow is as good as Paul, who couldn't be better. Congratulations to the proud parents.

Can you send us some book apostles? The following books are really powerful, we hear:

- "WHEREON TO STAND," by John Gilland Brunini.
- "JOY," by Bernanos.
- "The Woman of the Pharisees," by Mauriac.
- "Handbook of Heresies," by Cozzens.
- "Testimonial to Grace," by Dulles.
- "Creative Love," by Martindale.

## SATURDAY COURSE

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE  
34 West 135th Street  
New York 30, N. Y.  
Tel. AU 3-4892

Everybody Welcome

- Oct. 19, 3 P.M.—MR. MAURICE MAHON, "Why the Need of Interracial Relations?"
- Oct. 26, 3 P.M.—COL. CHAUNCEY M. HOOPER, "The Negro in War and Peace."
- Nov. 2, 2:30 P.M.—MISS MAMIE JENKINS, "The Negro and Music," at 34 W. 135th St.
- Nov. 2, 4:30 P.M.—MR. RICHMOND BARTHE, "The Negro and Art," at Mr. Barthe's Studio, 285 Eighth Avenue at 23rd St.
- Nov. 9, 3 P.M.—MR. VINCENT BAKER, "Negro Rights Under the Constitution."
- Nov. 16, 3 P.M.—MRS. HAROLD STEVENS, "Careers for Negro Women."
- Nov. 21, 3 P.M.—REV. BASIL MATTHEWS, O.S.B., Ph.D., "The Catholic Church and the Negro."
- Nov. 30—Thanksgiving weekend.
- Dec. 7, 3 P.M.—BARONESS CATHERINE DE HUECK, Founder and Director General of Friendship House, now wife of Eddie Doherty, author of "Gall and Honey" and "Splendor of Sorrow."

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE is located one-half block east of IRT 7th Ave. Subway—Bronx Park train to 135th St. stop.

One-half block east of 135th St. stop of No. 4 Lexington Bus.

One-half block east of 135th St. stop of No. 7 Broadway Bus.

One and a half blocks east of 135th St. stop of No. 2 Fifth Ave. Bus.

HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE  
34 West 135th St.  
(Between Lenox and Fifth Aves.)

All Welcome!

MONDAY NIGHTS, 8:30

Nov. 4—PROF. FRANK TANNENBAUM, "Destiny of the Negro in the Western Hemisphere."

Nov. 11—HOLIDAY.

Nov. 18—DR. JOHN MOSELEY and MRS. MATTHIEU BOUTE, "Prevent Cancer." Talk and moving pictures.

Nov. 25—PHILIP S. PLATT, Ph.D., "The Work of the Lighthouse for the Blind."

SUNDAY NIGHTS, 7:30

Nov. 10—Outer Circle—Sheed & Ward, 63 Fifth Ave., near 13th St.

Nov. 24—Outer Circle—Sheed & Ward, 63 Fifth Ave., near 13th St.



## Delight of All the Saints

By the majority of men Jesus is not known at all; He is observed, He is watched, He is dissected, He is discussed, He is summed up, sentence is passed upon Him, and He is voted to be after all little more than others. The secret of Himself, the Light, the Life, the Way; the Truth, the Love, the All-in-all, is absolutely missed; only a few, who have looked with self-forgetting eyes, and have caught the vision, and in turn have themselves been captured, awake to a new understanding, and are lost in an all-consuming love to which all other love is as nothing, and live to a new life from which all other life drops away. They cannot speak of it to others, even to themselves it cannot be expressed; if they attempt it their words seem almost a mockery, a description of a shadow and no more. Nevertheless they know it to be true, even as a man knows he is alive and can say no more about it; they know it to be true and can only say so. Others may listen and smile at their folly, and may call them "drunk with new wine," and so may pass them by as out of hinge with the world of men about them, but they cannot change. They know what they have seen and they know it to be true, and they can do no more than reassert it, in the hope that at least some few, nay, let it be only one, may listen, and catch a glimmering of the light and fall in love with it, and then go forth as they go forth, crying to all the world:

Jesus Christ

Yesterday, today and the same forever.

I am sure

That neither death nor life  
Nor angels, nor principalities,  
nor powers

Nor things present, nor things to come

Nor might, nor height, nor depth

Nor any other creature

Shall be able to separate us

From the love of God

Which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

—Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J. "The Public Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ."

Vol. 1.

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FRIENDSHIP HOUSE

34 West 135th St., New York 30, N. Y.

## EVERY LITTLE HELPS

Dear Friend,

Communists are even invading Friendship House to pass out their propaganda in the powerful, expensive new drive they are making to reenslave the Negro in their own way. A young leader of Harlem who is fighting Communism says, "You at Friendship House would be surprised to know how much you have helped our arguments. When the Communists say, 'Where are the followers of Christ really helping you?' We can point to Friendship House and say, 'They're not only talking against segregation, they're living against it!'"

Communism preaches a materialistic doctrine but Friendship House also helps in a material way by the Corporal Works of Mercy which recognize that man has a body as well as a soul. Against the immoral, destructive teachings of Marx, Friendship House must advance the fearless justice and ennobling love of Christ, which will restore all things. The truth of Christ is needed more than bread and is more satisfying. A man who belongs to no church (as yet, but we have hopes) came in the other day and said, "But why do you help these children?" We started to answer. "Christ said, 'Inasmuch as you do it to the least of these little ones, you do it unto Me.'" But he finished it for us. He knows his New Testament but is looking for someone who puts it into practice.

Against the horrible mob hate which is cruelly torturing Christ in the Negro, not only in the South but even in New York City, Friendship House must go in person if possible, or at least by letter, to protest such hellish conduct. "Hell is not to love any more." So these poor mobsters are already in hell themselves as well as driving their Negro brother there in despair. Friendship House must help them out by showing them Christ in the Negro and by praying for them.

You can help us in this wonderful and desperately needed work.

Your penny will send a begging letter to someone who may have more of this world's good.

Your dime will buy a pamphlet which may bring the love of his brother to some prejudiced heart or pay a staff-worker's subway fare to a troubled spot to distribute literature.

Your quarter can buy a sandwich for someone race prejudice has broken.

Your half-dollar will buy Catholic funny books which the children love and which teach them Catholic truths in an attractive way.

Your \$2 will pay the bank for our checking account being too small for its activity! (Queer isn't it to have to pay extra because you're poor? But we can see the bank's point of view.)

Food of any kind will be welcome at all times.

Clothes are always needed and household articles. Mothers with many children and the disabled are unable to buy new ones on their allowances.

Religious articles, books, and pamphlets are good silent apostles.

Most important of all, you can pray regularly that Christ in the Negro may be loved as a brother.

Please do not throw this appeal away. Send something, if only a few stamps, to Friendship House, 34 West 135th Street, New York 30, N. Y., or 309 East 43rd St., Chicago 15, Illinois, or St. Joseph's Farm, Marathon, Wisconsin, or Madonna House, Comberemere, Ontario, Canada.

Sincerely in Christ the King,

Catherine de Hueck Doherty

Please make out checks to Friendship House.

## Frederick Douglass on Social Equality

(Continued from page 1)

rascal he is thereby made my equal, or that when I ride with a numbskull it makes him my equal. Social equality does not necessarily follow from civil equality, and yet for the purpose of a hell-black and damning prejudice, our papers still insist [in 1883 —Ed.] that the Civil Rights Bill is a bill to establish social equality.



If it is a bill for social equality, so is the Declaration of Independence, which declares that all men have equal rights; so is the Sermon on the Mount; so is the golden rule that commands us to do to others as we would that others should do to us; so is the teaching of the Apostle that of one blood God has made all nations to dwell on the face of the earth; so is the Constitution of the United States, and so are the laws and customs of every civilized country in the world; for nowhere, outside of the United States [except in South Africa —Ed.] is any man denied civil rights on account of his color.